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# AFTERMATH

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CLASSICAL HIGH SCHOOL ✓  
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

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GIFT OF

*Anonymous*

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"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."





## CLASS OFFICERS.

ELWIN I. BARTLETT, *President.*

RUTH VAUGHAN, *Vice-President.*

EDWARD EARLY, *Treasurer.*

EDITH WHITMORE, *Secretary.*

## CLASS DAY COMMITTEE.

MARY E. BUTLER, *Chairman.*

CHARLES S. CARROLL,

EDWARD EARLY,

THOMAS F. POWER,

CHRISTINA K. SMITH.

## AFTERMATH.

FRANCIS J. COFFEY, *Chairman.*

KATHERINE E. COOK,

LOTTIE F. MORRISON,

THOMAS F. POWER,

CLINTON W. TYLEE.

# In Memoriam

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FRANK J. QUINN

INEZ DUDLEY

CHRISTINA K. SMITH





ELWIN I. BARTLETT  
President

## PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

ELWIN I. BARTLETT.



NOTHER year has brought around another Class Day. Once more a graduating class meets within this hall, with its friends, to review its history, prophesy its future, sing its songs, and show its ability in oratory and poetry. It is at such a time as this that we become suddenly conscious of the approaching end of our High School days, and in a few weeks we shall look back with pleasure upon the years we have spent here.

Centuries ago, in the days of the Roman Empire, the ancients considered it a matter of the greatest honor to be members of one of those old Roman families. Think what this meant. It meant to possess an established position and rank among a people who were the most powerful on the earth. It meant to have access to, and to enjoy the institutions of, Roman civilization. In our day and nation little is left of that spirit, which loves to boast a long line of distinguished or perhaps royal ancestry. But in these days we consider it of as much importance, as much of an advantage, as much of an honor, to be members of the student body of a High School of recognized standing, or to be graduates of such an institution, as the ancient Roman felt it to be a member of a patrician family.

Therefore, it is with confidence in the fitness of our ideals, and some pride in our attempts, that we bring to a close our High School course.

And now we wish to express our thanks to our instructors, and to say that we appreciate the kindly feeling which they have shown toward us; and especially do we appreciate Mr. Goodwin's interest in the class.

We would also thank the Junior Class for the courtesy which they have shown in decorating the hall for us.

Finally, in behalf of the Senior Class of 1904, the first class to enter High School this century, I extend to you, our friends and parents, a most cordial welcome to our exercises.







GRACE C. HEALY  
Historian



# THE HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1904.

GRACE C. HEALY.



ON THE morning of September 4, 1900, an observer, a stranger to this city, walking along Main Street, noticed the groups of "children," "boys and girls," and "young ladies and gentlemen,"—unquestioned signs that "school had begun." Following more closely, he saw interesting illustrations of the latter type, turning up Walnut and Maple Streets.

Four or five Seniors talking together, trying to appear full-fledged, a few Juniors, who scarcely gave their staid superiors due honor, and a group of rollicksome Sophomores not caring to what class they belonged.

But this observer gave the most of his attention to a group at which the others looked askance. He noticed the pretty girls and the intellectual faces of the boys. He followed them up the hill, never dreaming that they were the boys and girls who were to make the Class of 1904 of the Classical High School the famous and distinguished one it is. In fact, he became so interested that he followed them unnoticed into the big building on the hill, and this is what he told me.

In the corridors groups of boys and girls were busily chatting, and, from the peals of laugh-

ter which rang through the spacious halls, were, seemingly, telling of amusing experiences. He gave little attention to them, but, rather, ascended the almost endless flight of stairs to the hall where gathered together were the boys and girls of the Class of 1904.

He immediately picked out our principal in Mr. Goodwin by his fatherly interest and appearance. He then noticed that many an admiring glance was thrown on a tall, well-dressed young man who was casually walking around and helping the principal, and who, he thought, must be a Senior, on account of the high carriage of his head, but later heard addressed as Mr. Porter.

Soon each had received his or her room schedule, and the hall was left alone to our stranger, who, finding nothing else to do, left the building. Since a stranger was so interested in us, our history must deserve the attention of one who was concerned.

Our experiences of the second day were probably very similar to those of preceding classes; we cautiously entered our various recitations and there collected in groups and talked over the prospects of our different teachers.

It was not long before we were puzzling our heads with *Parva puella puerem amat*, and diligently trying to prove if A represented a boy who swam B miles in a river, X is the cold he caught.

Beginning the winter term of our Freshman year, the Daughters of the Revolution offered a prize for the best essay written by High School pupils on a national subject. Thus early the remarkable intellectual ability of our class began to assert itself, for the compositions of two of our members, John Woodbury and Elizabeth Bliss, were selected to be delivered in the English High School hall.

On March 5th, 1901, we held our first class meeting, with Mr. Porter as Chairman, and elected the following officers: President, Frank Quinn; Vice-President, Elizabeth Bliss; Secretary, Edith Whitmore; Treasurer, Susie Orr.

During the year we chose our class colors, orange and white, and then a pin committee was appointed, and after much discussion as to design, lettering, etc., the pins we all know so well were selected.

As time passed on we became acquainted with those delightful epistles, term reports, bringing a joy which none but the recipient could comprehend, yet only too quickly did four present themselves, and we separated for the summer vacation.

The following September we came back to pursue the course laid out for the Sophomores. Work now began in earnest. Cæsar's Military Manœuvres, so clear and concise to the teacher, claimed part of our attention, and many weary hours were spent in endeavoring to solve original proofs for geometrical figures.

The majority of the class was introduced to Greek, French and German. The most enthusiastic Dutch pupil in the whole class, we may honestly say, was Edith Whitmore, and it is interesting to know that she still continues to study it.

During the year we were grieved at the unexpected death of President McKinley, who was shot while visiting the Buffalo Exposition.

As Sophomores we had gained the privilege of selecting a class banner. The design for our banner was drawn by one of our class, Florence Martin, and bore our motto, "Labor omnia vincit." The officers of our second year were: Clinton Tylee, President; Mary H. Allen, Vice-President; Edith Whitmore, Secretary; and Elwin Bartlett, Treasurer.

During the year we lost one of our members in the death of Frank Quinn, our first Class President. Although he had left us at the beginning of our Sophomore year for the South High, yet we all grieved his death and felt we had lost a member such as few classes had the good fortune to claim as their own.

The third year proved more eventful than the two preceding had been. As toiling Juniors we translated Cicero's Orations with such remarkableness as would have surprised the orator himself. From these we not only obtained much classical knowledge, but were also taught that there is a slight difference between looking over and overlooking a lesson.

About half-way through the year, say the seventeenth of March, even some of the busts grew green with envy at our success, but it needed only a few succeeding events to show them that "Wir sind die Leute."

In May we decorated the hall for the Class Day exercises of the Seniors. We may well quote Miss Jefts "that the hall had not been decorated so effectively for many years." There are many tales we might tell about some of the boys on the committee, such as it took three boys to buy a spool of thread or a paper of needles, and then if we received them that day we might consider ourselves lucky. What would the Y. M. C. A. tell if it could talk? Through the financial ability of our President, Thomas Power, and our Treasurer, Edward Early, we had seven cents left in the Treasury after the expenses for the decorations had been paid. Many agreed that they never expected to see the hall so effectively decorated again, but the Junior Class has outdone themselves in their untiring efforts.

Located on the first floor, we started our Senior year with "Arma virumque cano." Those of Mr. Goodwin's Virgil class were hurried through the six books (trotting much of the way).

It seems a pity that Lawrence Gile was placed among Mr. Abbot's pupils, as this short stanza depicts him in his true light:

“ Oh, young Lawry Gile came out of the west!  
Of all the fast ponies his trot was the best;  
But during the reviews he fell through the sieve,  
Lawry Gile's gone back west, I believe.”

As a class we were always famous for our promptness,—even one of its members from Tatnuck was always Early.

One of our most important duties was to elect our class officers. Elwin Bartlett was chosen President; Ruth Vaughn, Vice-President; Edward Early, Treasurer; Edith Whitmore, Secretary; and Martin Caveney, Athletic Director.

Our Class Day speakers are Walter W. Dubreuil, Orator; Theresa Kerns, Poet; Chester Leahy, Prophet; Grace Healy, Historian; and Edgar Rourke, Pianist. Frank Coffey, Katharine Cook, Thomas Power, Lottie Morrison and Clinton Tylee were elected as Aftermath Committee; and Mary E. Butler, Christina K. Smith, Thomas Power, Edward Early and Charles Carroll were chosen Class Day Committee.

Even in athletics we have had our ups and downs, the downs by far predominating. Our boys, however, are firm believers that old age is honorable and have kindly refrained from defeating their elders. Our generosity and magnanimity is again very manifest in this respect, for we thought it kinder to encourage the under-class men in the art of physical training, rather than walk off with all the laurels ourselves.

Such a spirit has probably never before been displayed in the school, and as a maxim for the under-class men we would quote the lines:

*“ Although you can never be like us,  
Be as like us as you are able to be.”*

In regard to the games held a week ago to-day, the points we gained surpassed all expectation and our score gave the Juniors many uneasy moments. When we look back, in years to come on May 13, 1904, two memories will be brought to our mind, that of our class sports, and that of the loss of one of the sweetest girls in our class, Christina K. Smith. For it was on that day that we heard of her death and we may well say: “In the midst of gladness we are in sorrow.”

Remarkable incidents often serve to put a class in good spirits, and such was the case when, one morning in the American History class, Helen Bertels gave a lecture on “Freemen.” In the same class is a Garden of Eden, our President is no less than Adam. Who is Eve?

Our influence has been weighty in the three societies of the school, for many of our brightest girls are members of the Aletheia. During our Senior year the four Presidents of the Aletheia were members of the Senior Class. However, all the members of our class couldn't be Presidents, yet equal honors were gained in a far different way by several members. For instance, our future has been prophesied by one young lady as clearly and in as interesting a manner as one can imagine. In fact it was so interesting that some of the male portion of the class thought it quite worth while to read it and learn their futures, for a great many of them also were concerned. During the Senior year many members of the school enjoyed the several social affairs



which were given under the auspices of this club. The dramatic ability of its members swelled the treasury to a surprising extent. In regard to Basket Ball, the Aletheia never experienced a more successful season, winning six games out of the eight they played.

Members of our class have been equally prominent in the Sumner Club. We have furnished many Presidents, and it was during our Senior year that the club was presented with a handsome safe and a new banner, unquestioned proofs that there must be some exceptional trait in our boys to merit such generosity.

We all know the condition of the Eucleia during our first year. Finances were low and the roll-call greatly diminished. However, when the reins were placed in the hands of the boys of '04, a remarkable change took place immediately. The many great dramatical performances which have been given under the auspices of this club owe their success, in a great measure, to the present Senior boys. The parts which the boys filled were especially adapted to them, for in one instance, to use Mr. Early's words, "As for my physical qualifications—they speak for themselves—a more timid, bashful creature doesn't exist." By means of these their treasury has reached a point never before known by any club in the High School. Their membership is among the largest of the High School clubs, and it was our boys who instituted the custom of presenting past Presidents with the Eucleia President pin which many of our boys are now wearing.

Despite the discussion between the faculty and the School Board, the boys held their banquet, and (the young ladies were not present,) on Tuesday night, February 16th, in the State Mutual Restaurant. Much happened which it would be better to leave unwritten, but there are many interesting reminiscences still afloat. It is said Ralph Wadsworth was unanimously

elected Cupid, and that the class, the banquet being held so near Valentine's Day, presented Mr. Goodwin with a suitable gift.

The fact of our being Seniors did not suppress the mirth that was dominant during the first three years. A pair of our girl members have even had the courage to lock Mr. Gannon in one of the rooms and keep him there until it pleased them to let him out. Two of our girls have been fortunate enough to have not only a guardian angel in heaven, but have been supplied with one here in the High School in the person of Mr. Abbot. He has considered it necessary for the peace of mind of second hour library teacher to seat one young lady at the head, the other at the foot of the table; however, this great distance did not prevent them from making each other cognizant of passing events. On one occasion, on the absence of a teacher, the students were entertained by Katharine Cook reading the part of Ophelia in "Hamlet," but Mr. Goodwin evidently didn't appreciate the effort, for, attracted by the doubtful sounds issuing from the library, he investigated, and the library was soon cleared. We have all heard of that little bird Katy-did, but the atmosphere of the chemistry-room slightly confused Alice Sheehan and on one occasion she was known to remark "Like Kelly did it."

During our Senior year we were surprised and grieved at the death of one of our classmates, Inez Dudley.

Four years, so long to look forward to, so short to glance back upon, have passed. As far as it can be ascertained the class is composed only of single men and maidens. It would appear, however, that some have already found their other half.

We wish to extend sincerest thanks to the Faculty and instructors for guiding and bearing with us so patiently. While we are ending our career in this school, we are but entering upon a much broader field of activity. Nevertheless, as a class we may well say, "Labor omnia vincit."







THERESA E. KERNS  
Poet

# CLASS POEM, 1904.

THERESA EULALIA KERNS.

Hark! We hear the sound of trumpets,  
Calling o'er the field of life;  
And the sweet, soft tones of music,  
Cheering us toward vict'ry's strife.

For our lives lie now before us,  
We must try to conquer all;  
Nothing must be left unfinished,  
Strong young ranks should never fall.

We are like a struggling army,  
Brave of heart and firm of hope;  
Waiting, eager for the signal,  
For with life we long to cope.

But we must be prudent, classmates,  
Brave and strong, but wise and sure;  
For the enemy will assail us,  
And 'tis hard to long endure.

And when battle's din is over,  
We look back and say with pride:  
"Labor omnia vincit" always,  
And the good will e'er abide.

But, by trusting all to Heaven,  
We can hope for victory;  
For the power to us is given,—  
Classmates, use it faithfully.

We can work for good or evil,  
Work so steadily without pause;  
Shall we be brave, noble heroes,  
Or lost traitors to the cause?

Shall we fight in such dishonor,  
When 'tis right to work for good?  
Follow in the noble army,  
Always, as we ought and should.

Strive to fight in honor's army,  
And with honor as our end;  
Then with hearts made pure by suffering  
Angels will our death attend.

# SAM. HOUSTON.

WALTER W. DUBREUIL.



IN THE troublesome history of the centuries, the world has witnessed many of those dark and rubicon hours, when fate seems to foretell and even to aid the total destruction of nations. Many periods of anxiety and consternation have appeared, when the cause of downtrodden and oppressed people seemed to sink to the ground. But, in truth, the hand of Almighty God has ever led a hero to the front when the crisis came, to bear the burden and trials of the situation, until he had overthrown that tyrannical oppressor, and had gained everlasting independence for his country.

Such were the critical circumstances in Texas, when General Sam. Houston abandoned the wild haunts of the Indian, and consecrated himself to the rescue of Texan liberty.

Houston, though still in the morning of his life, had already enjoyed the honor and suffered the misery which ever fall in the path of men destined for great events. He had distinguished himself a hero, under General Jackson, in the Second War with England, and his military conduct throughout that war had gained for him the life-long admiration of that venerable soldier. He had been Senator and Governor of Tennessee, and had fought ardently in behalf of the poor despoiled Indian, in the hope that he might bring those who had perpetrated the base frauds



WALTER W. DUBREUIL  
Orator



upon the Red Man before the eyes of the government. And, after encountering and defeating the low attacks of the political rabble in our government, he had finally accomplished his grateful task.

With this done, he turned his attention to the cause of Texas. The little republic was at this time in a state of complete confusion. Without money, without troops, oppressed by a powerful government, and almost at the mercy of Santa Anna. But Houston was resolved to save Texas or die on her battlefield. He therefore accepted the office of Commander-in-chief of the Texan forces. The Mexicans had already fired the first shot on Gonzales, when that thrilling despatch, the last which ever left the brave men of the Alamo, came bursting like a thunderbolt on the ears of the Texans, and sent a paralyzing terror throughout the land. The people were so inspired with patriotism by the language of that despatch, that they were at once prepared to rush to arms and to the rescue of the Alamo. But Houston foresaw the rashness of so tyrannical an act ; he saw that the crisis was approaching ; he warned the people against such a rebellion ; he besought them to sit calmly, and to firmly pursue deliberations in establishing an organic form of government. He vowed the people protection against the enemy and promised the immediate relief of the Alamo. His appeal was eloquence itself, his first step toward the salvation of Texan liberty.

But alas! his furious attempt to relieve the Alamo was in vain, for those two hundred brave defenders had already met the death of martyrs at the hands of the barbarous Mexicans. When the report of this cold-blooded barbarity spread through the country, a spirit of revenge was aroused that would never die out. But indeed Vengeance, thou wast near at hand ; the battle of San Jacinto was to atone for all this massacre of humanity and for all these wicked atrocities.

Even here, in the wild and distant prairies of Texas, the persecution which ever followed Houston in the early part of his life, seemed to have found its way. The moment the news of the Declaration of Independence reached our Northern States, a feeling of deep hostility burst forth from a thousand newspapers, platforms and pulpits, and everywhere the declaration was looked upon as an act of high-handed robbery, perpetrated by a band of outlaws and their reckless leader. Our countrymen seemed to have entirely forgotten that many of the men who were fighting those battles were descended from the early settlers of Jamestown and Plymouth; that heroes were nerved there for the defense of liberty whose fathers had poured out their blood at Yorktown, Saratoga, and Bunker Hill! They seemed to forget that Houston was to Texas the Washington of the Revolution; and truly they were unmindful of the hour of their own need in '75, when they extended their own poor, feeble hands to France. But still, in the face of all this opposition and humility, Houston did not falter; for, as Lester says: "Men born to lead and save nations cannot be crushed; in the midst of their adversities, they may seem for a moment to bow before the blast; yet, when the storm has subsided, they stand there more erect and more powerful than ever." And so it was with Houston.

At this time in the campaign, everything seemed to conspire to render the prospect discouraging for Houston, and in the midst of the gloom and suspense, the last stroke came in the despatch, "Colonel Fanning's regiment has all been massacred." Houston's little army was nearly overwhelmed by the report of the slaughter of the Alamo, but now when they heard that five hundred brave comrades, fully armed and equipped, had been slaughtered and butchered at the hands of the Mexicans, their terror was redoubled, and the sad news completely unnerved them. But Houston stood by them to the last with the courage of a soldier. So, disaster after disaster



fell upon the army, until the two enemies were encamped opposite one another on the banks of the San Jacinto, ready for the final struggle that should decide the issue of Texan independence. The Mexicans outnumbered the Texans almost three to one, and with such odds against him, Houston resolved to choose his own time for attack if possible, and compensate for want of numbers by military skill and superior advantage and position. The night which preceded the battle is one worthy of long remembrance; the weary and tired soldiers sadly went to rest with many an anxious vision flitting through their minds. But not so with the commander. He had long experienced all the miseries of uncertainty; he had expected troops and supplies and had awaited them in vain. The slaughter at the Alamo and the Goliad had dispirited his men and caused desertions. The petty government officials had fled from the scene of action, and now terror reigned throughout Texas. He was in a new country, in the midst of an overpowering army with a little band of half-fed and half-clothed men, who had suffered all the pangs of a revolution, since they had left their homes in the cause of liberty. We do not wonder, therefore, that when the harrowings of suspense were over, in the midst of the enemy, with his guards at their posts, that the noble soldier, Houston, forgot the fancied events of the following day, and slept profoundly throughout the entire night.

Thus rolled away the gloomy night which preceded the terrible slaughter of San Jacinto, and brightly broke forth the morning of the last day of Texan servitude. The day of Vengeance for Texas! the day of crowning success for Houston. "Woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush liberty," says Macaulay; and woe in truth, was impending over Santa Anna.

Everything was now ready and every man at his post; and to use Houston's words before the slaughter of Fanning's men, as he pointed to his little band: "There lay the last hope of

Texas." The decisive moment had at last come. Houston sounded the charge, and shouted the war-cry, "Remember the Alamo." These revengeful words aroused every soldier to the supremest effort, and "The Alamo, the Alamo," arose from the ranks in one wild scream, sending terror through the Mexican host. The Mexicans withstood this onslaught as only brave men can withstand the attack of an army filled with the spirit of revenge; they withstood in vain, and as they found the little band of Texans invincible on all sides, despairing of the issue, and cursing the Texans, some made a daring dash for the ruined bridge, while others fell on their knees and begged for mercy. But the shades of their slaughtered brethren drove the thought of mercy from the minds of the Texans, and they pursued, killed, and slaughtered, until the broad prairies of San Jacinto, were strewn with suffering humanity, and until the deep turbid stream was almost choked with the mangled dead.

Thus ended the horrible day of San Jacinto, which scarcely has a parallel in the history of the world. And when the sun sank over the groans and the slaughter of the broad prairies of Texas, the Almighty had proved that "The battle is not always to the strong," and had sent forth a decree against the abusive reign of the Spaniard in Mexico, "Thy dominion is taken from thee."

For a few years now, Texas, under the wise guidance of Houston, enjoyed a fugitive independence, until at length, its destinies became permanently woven into the fabric of its great sister republic, the United States. Houston's labors, sorrows, and struggles were now over, and in the midst of an affectionate family, he expected to retire during the last peaceful years of his stormy life. But he was not yet to realize such happiness. Texas had become part of the Union, and now, for the third time, she called forth her old Leader from retired life, this time,

to take a seat in the national Senate at Washington. He accepted the call of Senator, and distinguished himself a true, honorable legislator.

He used his oratory to good purpose, and in fact his speech in behalf of the Red Man of America is considered one of the noblest defences ever pronounced on this subject in the Senate of the United States.

When he had guarded his people for one term at the National Government, he was given his last public honor; he was elected Governor of Texas in those raging times of '61, when the same wave of madness which swept the South into destruction, carried Texas into rebellion. Houston opposed this treasonable act with all the power he possessed. For the first time in his career, the Texans turned away from his appeal. He refused to take an oath to support the Confederacy. "The tortures of a thousand Inquisitions could not have dragged such treasonable words from his lips." When he saw secession voted over his head he resigned his office; defied the wild clamor of the Texans, as he retired to the pleasures of his prairie home. "He had made and saved Texas, and if she should be unmade it should be her work, not his."

Thus Houston's public career came to a close, after God's great work had been accomplished. He had lived for Texas and though his dying hour saw her driven into the desolating fire of rebellion, still, even then, he did not repent his endless labors in her cause, but his expiring words expressed his life-long faith in the perpetuity and glory of the Republic of his Fathers. May the country never want the helping hand of such noble and heroic men as Houston, men whose lives are divine pledges that throughout the career of our nation,

" The star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

## CLASS PROPHECY.

F. CHESTER LEAHY.



“ ‘ HERE I AM at last,” was my first exclamation upon alighting from the train as it pulled in on the twentieth of May, 1939. Of course I looked around expecting to see a new station, but none was in sight. “Just 35 years ago to-day was Class Day,” I remarked to myself as I sauntered up Front Street. “Where are all the fellows and girls to-day, I wonder. I wish I could meet some of them now.” Just at this point I glanced up and my eyes were attracted by a large sign—“The Volkmer House. Rooms from twenty-five cents up, on the fourth floor, to two dollars and a half down, on the second.” Me for the fourth by all means, so I dropped in, and, stepping up to the desk, I entered my name on the register.

“Florence Daniels-Volkmer, Proprietor,” I read at the top of the page. “Just the place for me; she will be able to give me information as to the whereabouts of some of the fellows. She always knew everybody’s business.”

She did not happen to be in just then, so I dropped into one of the office chairs and picked up the paper. “Rolland Greenwood, Artist. I make a specialty of portraits of girls,” I read. Rolly always could sketch (catch) the girls, anyway. Under this was an advertisement announc-





F. CHESTER LEAHY  
Prophet

ing that Helen Dixon and Louise Smith would be delighted to meet their friends at their hair-dressing parlors.

“Fear They Will Die,” was the next attractive headline. “Drs. Tylee and Charbonneau fear that Misses Macomber and Ames will die, as they have not giggled for twenty consecutive minutes.” I read along: “Pip Gile and Company, successors to C. T. Sherer, announce their usual bargain sale of hot stockings, loud white vests and cheap ties. Remember our store at Troy.”

Under the amusements were the following: “O’Toole and Ricles in ‘The Barber and the Bath’; Misses Susie Holland and Anna Mitchell in ‘Cutting up Pranks That Deserve Spanks.’ Both these teams at the Park this week.” “Mr. James O’Neil in Repertoire, supported by Marion Mitchell, late of the ‘They Cannot Do Without Me’ Company. During this engagement Miss Mitchell will play Aletheia in the drama of that name. Miss Persis L. Mackintire, the tattooed lady, at the Palace. The only living picture this week.”

Among the latest books I found Miss Fanny Fisher as author of “Life at W. P. I.” and “Timely Talks with Technical Teachers”; also, Carrie Hogan as the author of a treatise on “How to Study.” Upon glancing out the window, just then, I beheld Miss Harris and Miss Messinger with two big, flabby-looking youths from the W. A. I suppose they were their beaux, although the first thought that struck me was that they looked like bows they used to wear up at school.

My eyes turned back to the paper. “For Sale—A nice large Barnard. Apply to Edith Lawrence.” It must have been a misprint for “Barnyard,” for Edith would never sell Walter. “Red Ties for Sale. Henry Trask Cowles.” In the personals I found the following bits of



information: "Power, politely polished pewee politician and precise practiced propounder of practical parliamentary precepts, is in Paxton. William Gendron, the drummer for the largest handy literal translation house in the country, is in town. Bill ought to know the value of the goods he was selling if any one did. Walter Brown is very low with that tired feeling. Doing Miss Jefts' errands is thought to be the cause."

Below this was an advertisement: "N. Harrower, Best Shine in the City." Harrower always was a shining star in our class, if I remember right. "Donahue's Twenty-five Cent Dance To-night," was on the last page, and under it was Carran, the Tailor's, advertisement.

"Awful Accident—Heroic Rescue. Miss Kendall, President of the Tatnuck Dramatic Club, while stepping into a rowboat at Lincoln Park, missed her footing and dropped into the water. She was going down for the last time, when a young man rushed up and pulled her out. The hero proved to be a Springfield fellow."

I read and re-read the paper, hoping I might find more about my friends, but all in vain, so casting it aside I was just dozing off to sleep when some one gave me a terrific slap on the shoulder. I jumped up with a start. "Why, hello, Dub, old boy; how be you? How's everybody? How is Theresa?" "O, I'm fine; so is everybody; but I couldn't tell you how Theresa is." "What! You don't mean to say you're not—" "Yes," he broke in, and his face clouded over. "Theresa became a missionary; at least that's what they say. You know she would disagree with everyone. Well, I said she was a shorty and of course she disagreed. She said that that was deceit and that deceit was never warranted. Since then I have never seen her. Some say that she went to the Cannibal Islands, where she was eaten by a native, who died soon afterward. I suppose she disagreed with him." "Well, tell us about the rest of the fellows," I



said. "All right, I'll tell you on the way over to Rourke's. I am going over there for supper, and after supper we are going up to some kind of an affair at Mechanics Hall."

"Horgan and Catherine are living on a little farm up at Sleepy Hollow," he began. "Catherine thinks Jack won't spend his money as recklessly up there as he did the day the track team was stranded in Boston. Vic Freden is working for Jack. Goding is a professional pickpocket." "Well," I added, "he always went through a good deal."

"Miss Sheehan is teaching up to school in Miss Jefts' place. Miss Midgley is her assistant. Fitton is going to blazes." "What!" I exclaimed. "Yes, he's a fireman." "Forbes is teaching mathematics in the Shrewsbury University. The poor fellow has to have a graphophone do his talking for him." "Trulson is a photographer." "O, that's why he took the snap course?" I questioned.

"Mary E. Allen gave the school \$1500, called the Donovan Fund, to have mirrors placed along the corridors and to encourage flirting among the different members of the school. Miss Mahan keeps the mirrors clean. Tom Carver is a butcher; he always slaughtered his Greek and Latin translations, anyway."

"Why, there's Miss Graham playing that hurdy-gurdy," I exclaimed.

"She always had a turn for music; but how well you knew her," said Dubreuil.

"She's playing Narcissus," I said.

"Some Buckley, a mere youngster, has opened an employment office where, so I am told," continued Dubreuil, "Miss Judge finds both employment and enjoyment."

"Of course Miss Whitmore is now Mrs. Hermann H. Schuermann," I remarked.

"No, Edith is not hitched yet and has passed the age limit. It seems that Harry forgot to

escort her to the dressmaker's one day. She got mad, real mad. Now she spends her time weeping."

" I was once a young Miss whose wishes  
Were that I might become a Mrs.  
But my wishes all proved misses  
And hence I'm Miss instead of Mrs."

Jay Streeter dropped the er and reversed his name to find his occupation advertising for Pip Gile.

At this point, who came storking along but Miss Crane, escorted by a beautiful young man who, on nearer approach, proved to be Leo Boland. Just then an ice cart rattled by driven by Miss Barber.

" You must remember her for her light weight," Dubreuil remarked.

" Nourse is the Carlyle of to-day, writing all of his poetry in blank verse," he continued, " some of which I read, and I must confess it was rank verse."

" But Carlyle was not a poet," I ventured.

" Neither is Nourse," he replied. " Miss Barr tried to join the W. C. T. U., but they said they had no use for bars. Caldwell is President of the largest university in Hades. He graduated from Harvard at seventy-eight and immediately received his appointment." " Have you ever heard anything about Miss Mevis, Miss Dee, Miss Lincoln or Miss Morrissey?" I asked.

" No, they are U. S. Senators; but here's Rourke's house, now," he replied.

Rourke could not shake hands, as both hands were engaged endeavoring to comb his hair.

“Everybody’s gone out; I forgot that you were to come to-night,” said he to us. “I’ll get you some supper in a jiffy.” We prevailed on him not to bother and sat down to talk over the olden times. Rourke himself never got married because Stella Bailey left before he had enough set aside.

He told us that Miss Butler’s only occupation was that of entertaining her gentlemen friends, having a different caller for each evening in the week.

“Lottie Morrison has a fine job down at the power station with Jim, who is now more than one of the neighbor’s children to her,” said Rourke, “and Clary made his fortune selling his hair for hat pins.” “Of course, how fine,” remarked Dubreuil.

“Newhall is janitor of his own New Hall, and Miss Martin and Miss McNamara are working in the five and ten cent store,” Rourke continued.

Along towards seven o’clock we left.

“Let’s have a bite to eat before going up stairs,” I said, as we passed by Hale’s Spa. I was surprised to find Denholm Smith passing out the “dogs” and the doughnuts.

Down in the corner I heard some one talking about his athletic abilities.

“Look at that for development. Why, I can run the 880 in 2 minutes flat. I was one of the best in the Class of 1904, I was,” said the voice. Who could our hero be. I turned around to see, and there behind half an apple pie loomed up the face of Bill Mooney.

Bill began to tell us about the fellows. “Bartlett is a dentist, you know. He always had a good pull, at least so Coach Kerns said. Buckley started out in the furniture moving business because of the ease with which he used to push Miss Townsend’s desk around; but alas, he was too lazy. One day, when he was lifting a safe to the fourth floor, forgetting the laws concern-

ing pulleys which Mr. Gannon taught him, and doting on Dot, he fell asleep. When he got out of the hospital he received an appointment on the police force for falling asleep on his feet. Regan is also on the police force. He's a detective. He always had the power of detecting other's faults. Now he's travelling incog, wearing that sardine smile of his, hoping he may catch Doyle, who has caused so many Vernon Hill girls to duel through love for him. Coffey is working for Bluffer and Blower of Windy City selling a tonic called Lady Killer, one glass of which causes all the girls to become infatuated with you. Coffey has been drinking it all his life."

By this time, we had arrived at the hall. The affair was a grand bazaar and costume party for the benefit of the "Ancient and Honorable Pluggers." The programmes, which Miss McCauley distributed, gave the names of Misses Leland, Redding, Scully, Stewart, Jones, Davis, Cushman, Hunt, Schofield and Nagle, as prominent members of this society.

There were all sorts of get-ups to make money. Bessie Bonker, dressed as a grass widow, tried to sell us a picture of little Teddie Lawrence and a bottle of Dr. Scott's tooth powder for ten cents.

"Why, that's cheap at half the price," said Bill. Dewey would laugh in that sweet voice of his for the small sum of a nickel. Edith Spaulding, dressed as a messenger boy, would deliver a message to any friend of yours in the hall for a quarter, and really get it there before the hall closed.

"I would give fifty cents to see her get to any place on time," remarked Mooney.

Ten cents for a look at the Midgets Might, Miss Barnes and Albert Freidman. Charlie Carroll, in that gentle, mild, sweet sounding voice of his besought us to see the largest baby of the age, who proved to be none other than Ed. Early.

Miss Southwick, the strong woman, really did a phenomenal trick, that was to raise her hand.

“Why, what’s the matter with poor Miss Chandler?” I asked upon seeing her face all distorted. “Is she locked jawed?”

“Oh, it’s good enough for her, she used to read Greek at the rate of a mile a minute, what could she expect?” said Dubreuil.

Miss Hubley and Miss Rankin represented the Gold Dust Twins, while Schur portrayed Mark the Dissatisfied.

Gladys Armitage strutted around the hall with a walk like a rubber pump.

Cederberg was dressed like a traveler.

“Who are those old maids over there, Bill?” I asked.

“Why, they’re school teachers. That’s Miss Deignan, Miss Caldwell, Miss Kennard, Miss Colegrove and Miss Connelly.”

“There’s Ruth Vaughn over there, I guess I’ll go over and see her,” I said.

Ruth told me that she was one of the head riding masters at the Oread Riding School, that Lavolette was a wrestler, that Cosgrove was a ball player, that Miss Shattuck was in the long house on the hill because Dewey refused to read the notes left in his desk, and that Helen Bertels was physical director at Clark College.

John Woodbury’s band were to render a selection which was to be followed with a song by Jacob Asher. So, excusing myself to Ruth, I went back to Bill and Walter.

“It’s time to go,” said Bill. I should say it was, and the quicker the better, as I had heard Asher sing before.

Upon stepping outside the door, I saw the Four Flusher, and who was driving it but Lizzie Bliss.

When I got back to the hotel, I saw Caveney, Donnelly, English, Flynn and Courtney seated in office chairs. I found out that they were travelling around the country playing basket ball under Mary H. Allen's managership.

I was in bed about two minutes when I heard some one talking about a very useful pencil sharpener, especially for library use. All of a sudden the voice broke out, "Oh, Arthur, M. Arthur, O, Michael." Whoever it was they talked 'till at last I got tired of listening to them, so dressing up I went down to the office, to find out who the disturber was.

"Oh," laughed Tom Whitson, the night clerk, "don't mind her, you must know her. She never stops talking, morning, noon or night. That's Grace Healy."







EDGAR J. ROURKE  
Class Pianist



## CLASS SONG.

Alma Mater, we gather to bid thee farewell,  
Thy praises we have oft sung before,  
Now the years of our stay in thy loved hall are fled.  
We shall meet here as class-mates no more.  
The great world is calling and we must go forth  
To the strife with temptation and sin;  
If we hold to our motto with hope as our star,  
We shall conquer the foe, we shall win.

Four long years thou has taught us and guided our steps  
Through the paths which thy wisdom well knew,  
Now shoulder to shoulder we'll take up our task,  
We will prove that our watchword is true.  
We go forth not to win what the world calls success  
Nor its forfeit of honor to pay;  
With a word of good cheer for the faltering or weak  
We will stand for the right, come what may.

“Labor omnia vincit,” let us work with a will,  
With the knowledge that work conquers all,  
Strong in youth and in faith, we can laugh at despair,  
But we pity the brave ones who fall,  
Then forward and upward we'll press toward our goal  
Though temptations and dangers appal,  
Till at last from the heights we triumphantly cry,  
“We have won, labor has conquered all.”

## EDITORIALS.

### 1904 IN THE DEBATING SOCIETIES.

#### ALETHEIA.



THE CLASS of nineteen hundred four has played an important part in the Aletheia. In dramatics, in debating, in basket-ball, and in all the literary branches, we have had no small share. The basket-ball season has been successful, both financially and in winning laurels for itself. The Senior member was Miss Sara Southwick, while Miss Mary Allen was manager.

Nineteen hundred four has had the lion's share in dramatics. During our Junior year the two farces, "A Case of Suspension," and "The Late Mr. Rollins," were presented, before an appreciative audience, many of our class members taking part. This year under Miss Monroe, the coach, "That Box of Cigarettes," met with great success.

Our social affairs have been very much enjoyed. During the year we have given receptions to the Britomart and the Philomatheia, the Alumnæ, and the Basket-ball team.



JACOB ASHER  
Graduation-Day Speaker



RACHEL D. HARRIS  
Representative at Graduation



The majority of the offices for 1903-4 have been filled by senior girls. Our presidents have been Lottie Chandler, Mary Butler, Mabel Judge and Edith Barr.

The present senior members are:

Mary H. Allen,	Mary Butler,
Mary Connelly,	Bess Bonker,
Alice Deignan,	Mabel Judge,
Katharine E. Cook,	Theresa Kerns,
Lottie Chandler,	Rose Leland,
Beatrice Charbonneau,	Edith Lawrence,
Grace Healy,	Helen Davis,
Lottie Morrison,	Minnie Dee,
Gertrude Mevis,	Emma Midgely,
Grace Kendall,	Mary Nagle,
Mary Scully,	Alice Sheehan.
Sara Southwick,	

#### SUMNER CLUB.

In regard to the Sumner Club, the Class of 1904 has not been as prominent as it should have been, but those who have had connections with the club have been more or less prominent in its affairs.

Two members of the class, Clinton Tylee and Jacob Asher, occupied the President's chair during the Senior year, and Maurice Schur and Allan Forbes also held office in the club. Mr.

Asher was one of the most prominent members, having won a medal for declaiming and debating. In the way of entertainments, the Club ran a Mock Court Trial, which was successful, and was greatly enjoyed by those who attended. On the whole, the departure of the Class of 1904 from the school leaves quite a gap in the ranks of club members, but such a gap as we trust the under-classmen may creditably fill up.

### EUCLEIA.

Not for many years has a class, as a whole, taken such interest in a debating society and retained it throughout the entire course, as the Class of 1904 has. Probably this spirit was inspired at the very outset by our connection with a debating society in the Freshman year.

When the class entered upon its High School career, this society was in poor condition, numerically and financially speaking. During the last term of our Freshman year, twenty or twenty-two joined Eucleia, and others have since become members. What an impulse such a number of Freshmen gave to it has been seen.

And we were not slow in becoming active. To show what ability we possessed, three medals were offered in our Sophomore year to those three members of the society who should secure the highest number of points in a series of debates and declamation contests held throughout the year. When the allotted time had expired, the first prize, gold medal, was awarded to T. F. Power; second and third prizes went to members of the Class of 1902.

In the course of our Junior year the society undertook the presentation of two farces, "The Revolving Wedge" and "Ici on Parle Français," which were successful, dramatically and financially. Several members of the Class of 1904 were in the cast.

Five of the eight young men who declaimed at rhetoricals this year are members of Eucleia. They are: Carroll, Dubreuil, Leahy, Power and Rourke. The Treasurer of the Class, Early, the Orator, Dubreuil, and the Prophet, Leahy, are all prominent in Eucleia's work. Carroll, Early and Power, members of the Class Day Committee, are all deeply interested in the welfare of grand old Eucleia. Coffey and Power of the AFTERMATH Committee, are from the same society.

The following names are those of members who will graduate in June, leaving the responsibilities for the care of Eucleia upon the shoulders of the under-classmen, and hoping they will prove "Σύμμαχοι Πάντες Ἐκάστω."

Charles S. Carroll,  
Thomas C. Carver,  
Francis J. Coffey,  
Daniel W. Doyle,  
Walter W. Dubreuil,  
Edward Early,

Frederick C. Leahy,  
William L. Mooney,  
James A. O'Neil,  
Thomas F. Power,  
Edgar J. Rourke,  
Martin Caveney.

## SENIOR BANQUET.



OBJECTIONS to the Senior Banquet, which have been accumulating for years, came to a head this year, and we were compelled to suffer for the sins of our predecessors. Hitherto the Senior Banquet has been a long-looked forward-to event in our High School career.

But this year, early in September, when banquet talk was first broached, rumblings were heard from the direction of the School Committee. The storm broke in the ultimatum issued to the effect that the class of 1904 could hold no banquet unless the Senior girls were invited, championed by some members of the Faculty. Of course, the boys ungallantly objected. Many weeks were spent in arguing and discussing the matter.

In the meantime, many wild plans were in the air for evading the School Committee's dictum. But not one of these materialized, for the three principals held a meeting, the result of which was that, any pupil attending one of these illegal affairs, would be expelled instantly.

This soon brought the refractory members of the class to terms, and they were ready to submit to anything which the principals might see fit to suggest. Mr. Goodwin interviewed the different members of the class concerning their ideas on the subject of the banquet and the presence of the girls. The boys thought that their presence would change the character of the



affair and it would no longer be an event *sui generis*, but would fall back into the rut of the old High School social functions.

Mr. Goodwin proposed several modes of entertainments to take the place of the banquet.

After inviting the girls, who generously declined, a committee was appointed to make arrangements for a banquet. Our banquet differed in several important facts from the banquets of previous years. First, the three High Schools held three independent banquets; second, the presence of members of the faculty was necessary; and thirdly, the date was known before hand and there was no attempt of the under classmen to stop it.

The Banquet was finally held on the evening of February 16, 1904, at the State Mutual Restaurant. The following responded to toasts when introduced by Toastmaster Walter W. Dubreuil:

Class of 1904.....	Elwin I. Bartlett.
Foot-ball. ....	Charles Donnelly.
Faculty .....	Thomas F. Power.
Girls.....	F. Chester Leahy.
Crew.....	Edward Early.
Societies.....	{ Clinton W. Tylee. Charles S. Carroll.
College Life.....	
Basket-ball.....	Mr. Charles E. Burbank.
Class of 1905.....	Henry Flynn.
	William Laughlin.

The guests of the evening were: Mr. Edward R. Goodwin, Mr. Charles E. Burbank, Mr. John F. Gannon, Mr. Chester T. Porter. Mr. William Laughlin, 1905.

## 1904 IN ATHLETICS.

### THE CREW.



NINETEEN HUNDRED FOUR has always had at least one representative on the crew. Ed. Moore of the English High made the crew in his Freshman year and has succeeded himself for three years. Martin and Bartlett, our President, this year, were members of last year's crew. Early, our Treasurer, and Bartlett have seats in this year's crew, which will race against Harvard Freshmen, Stone School, Springfield High and Wachusett eight crews. Though the graduate system is being tried this year for the first time in the history of the Worcester High School Athletic Association, and though considerable difficulty was experienced in raising funds, we are confident that we shall defeat every one of these crews, even the Stone School crew, unless we are forced to race on a high sea, as was the case last year.

### FOOT-BALL.

The foot-ball season of 1903-1904 in the Worcester High School was not as successful as was hoped for. Nevertheless, on looking back and considering all the difficulties under which the team labored, we can hardly say that the season was not a partial success. The total number of points for the season was: Worcester High School, 59; opponents, 55.

In the financial line, the team had no hindrances, as the scholars willingly contributed for the support of their representatives on the field, although they felt a lack of interest in the success of the team. As to the difficulties which faced the team—in the first place the team of 1902-1903 was composed wholly of members of the Class of 1903, so that, in starting out this year, it was necessary to pick the team from mostly new material.

Then again, when it was stated that the Worcester Academy would not play the customary game with the High School, it seemed as though there was no more need for further work on the field, since the game, which is usually considered an essential part of the foot-ball season, was not to be played; but games were arranged with many of the best school teams in the state, which made up for the loss of the Academy game.

The Senior Class of the Classical High School had as representatives on the team the Captain, Charles F. Donnelly; Elwin I. Bartlett, our President; Henry J. Flynn and Martin Caveney. Summing up the season, of the eight games played the High School won three, lost four and played one tie game. The scores follow:

Worcester High School— 0	Pomfret Academy —11
Worcester High School— 0	Gardner High School— 6
Worcester High School— 0	Cushing Academy —15
Worcester High School— 0	Holy Cross Preps — 0
Worcester High School— 5	Wesleyan Academy — 0
Worcester High School—38	Grafton High School — 0
Worcester High School—16	Wesleyan Academy —12
Worcester High School— 0	Holy Cross Preps —11

## DRAMATICS.



THE class of nineteen hundred and four has not had as successful a career in athletics as was wished, it certainly has redeemed itself by the remarkable ability it has shown in dramatics. The Eucleia Debating Society, under the direction of Mr. Porter, has presented two farces, "Thirty Minutes for Refreshments," and "The Two Bonny Castles." With Mr. Dubreuil as manager, the plays could not be otherwise than successful.

The Aletheia Society has given the play entitled "That Box of Cigarettes." The parts in this play were eagerly sought by both Juniors and Seniors. Miss Munroe coached the play and Miss Judge was manager.

The Sumner Club has broken the monotony of plays by giving a Mock Trial. Almost all of the club members took part in this Trial. Mr. Asher, the president of the club, was judge. It is with a great deal of pride that the class of nineteen hundred and four looks back upon its dramatics.

## RHETORICALS.



THE RHETORICALS of the past year have been too few, but they were all fully appreciated. We have not been given an opportunity to display our capacity in any but the reading line, as the other two Senior Classes have. However, we feel confident, had the chance been given us, we would have met with success.

The exercises held in honor of Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays were, perhaps, more enjoyed than any other. On that occasion we had the High School Orchestra—a rare treat to us—together with several speakers.

Music, perhaps, is not wholly in our line, however, we hope Mr. Rice has enjoyed the quarter of an hour Friday morning, as we have singing under his direction.

## ROASTS.

LARRY B (e) GILE.

Latest cable from Northboro announces that "Cupid" Wadsworth now holds a new position. He's holding an umbrella over his father's cow to keep the water out of the milk.

"Please change your seat, Miss Harris, you obstruct the view of the board."

Shur says that persons accused of "pleurisy" are sent to prison.

Lottie Chandler,—sweet sixteen and never was kissed!

The last into recitation,—the first out.—C. Leahy.

Elizabeth's favorite beverage is "Porter." Do you know why?

Edith Whitmore is so Scheur (sure o'a) man.

Ask Miss Hunt why Buckley comes in the library, 6th hour Mondays.

"'Giggling' girls, and crowing hens,

Always come to some bad end."

What a terrible future awaits the girls in Mr. Abbot's 4th hour Virgil class!

"Isn't he just the cutest thing you ever saw?"—Miss Barnes' opinion of Mr. B.

"Wanted—a chaperon."—A. Mitchell.

Miss Judge has a soft spot in her heart for '07.

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us,

To see ourselves as others see us."

—Wadsworth.

Miss Scully or Miss Deignan, which is it, Caveney?

Mr. Burbank's advice to young men—"Beware of the girl who says yes."

Boys you had better steer clear of Grace Healy.

With "Power" I could conquer the world.—Miss Morrison.

Does Miss Bliss betoken her name?

Oh that harmony, when Rourke accompanies the school on the piano Friday mornings.

The smile that won't come off.—Miss Macomber.

Mr. Delano.—"The Little Minister."

The authorities of this school should take steps guarding against the formation of any secret societies, especially "Concrete Lodges."

"How beautiful that girl is, she would just suit me."—Greenwood.

"There's allays two 'pinions; there's the 'pinion a man has of himself, and there's the 'pinion other folks have on him. There'd be two 'pinions about a cracked bell (Early)—if the bell could hear itself.

With apologies to the fellow who wrote Lochinvar,

"Oh young Lawry Gile came out of the West,  
Of all the fast ponies, his trot was the best,  
But during reviews he fell through the sieve.  
Lawry Gile's gone back to the woods, I believe.

At the Banquet,  
A boy named Rourke pulled at a big cigar,  
His eyes bulged out and his cheeks sank in

He gulped rank fumes with his lips ajar,  
While the muscles shook in his youthful chin.  
The boys rode up, and Rourke slid down,  
He groaned aloud for he felt so ill,  
He knew his cigar had "done him brown."  
His head was light, and his feet like lead,  
His cheeks grew white as a linen spread,  
While he weakly gasped as he gazed afar,  
"If I live, here's my last cigar."

Teeth extracted without pain.—Miss Bonker, Room 6.

Miss Shattuck admires "Harrow(ed)" Fields on a "Dewey" morning.

Gile and gall.—A combination bound to succeed.

A good motto for certain members of this class is: "Ore favete omnis"—(keep your mouths shut).

Then he will talk—good heavens how he will talk!—Forbes.

The roses of our class: Miss Sheehan and Mr. Tylee.

That foolish little boy, Early.

Hark to the warbler, Carroll!

Recent publications: *How to Cultivate the Gift of Gab* (by John Horgan). *A List of Onomatopoeitic Words* (by Jake Asher). *Who Will it Be?* (Minnie E. Butler).

Question: What was the Chimaera?

Rourke—Answers: "A monster; half-snake, half-goat, and half-lion."

"Men may come and men may go,

But I go on forever."

—Miss C. P. Townsend.



The Class of 1904 should never go hungry, for it has: A Butler, some Bartlett(s), a Carver and some Fish(er), a natural born Cook and fresh Coffee.

Phrases we have become familiar with:

“Hurry on there, boy.”—Miss Jefts.

“Young Ladies.”—Mr. Goodwin.

“To-o - - much - - - st-i-r.”—Miss Townsend.

“Your opinions don’t interest me in the least.”—Miss Jefts.

“The intellectual abilities of the Class of 1904 are such that it need not indulge in Athletics.”—Mr. Mellen.

“Now it strikes me”—Mr. Porter. (Where does it strike you, Chec?)

“Now, my only pint (point) is:”—Mr. Goodwin.

“Partial study hour to-day, scholars”—Mr. Wilson.

Walter Ricles, the “Sleeping Beauty.”

Make way, here comes the thundering legion!—Asher.

Too (two) long—Bartlett and Early.

“Last comes Iulus sailing on a Sidonian horse.”—Miss Macomber.

A great big pipe lay on the shelf,

Edgar was a bad, bad boy.

He struck a light

And smoked with all his might

Edgar was a bad, bad boy.

The tale so sad, I cannot go on,

Edgar was a bad, bad boy.  
Leahy was a good boy,  
But Leahy is no more,  
What Leahy thought was  $H_2 O$   
Was  $H_2 S O_4$

They say that the early bird catches the worm. Harrower evidently sympathizes with the Worm.

Wadsworth reminds one of Longfellow in more than one way.

A few days ago, while I was walking along the street, I met an old High School man, who after introducing himself, fired at me the following volley of interrogations :

? ? ? ?

Pray, tell me why had Thomas Power?  
And when is Edward Early?  
Tell me, whom did Carlyle Nourse?  
And why is Francis Dewey?  
Whom did Bart(lett) do his work,  
While he was on the crew?  
And what did Katharine Cook for John?  
Say! Where did George Fitton his shoe?  
That to him these questions it might reveal,  
To the great oracle did James O'Neil.

MISS HOGAN'S ODE TO MOONEY.

His Greek shaped head was classic,  
His pose was rhythmic sweet,  
I thought his lines were perfect,  
Until I scanned his feet.

Mellen—"Now, Cicero was a very great orator, and still he had great difficulties to contend with." Clary—"Yes, sir." He had to speak Latin, didn't he?

"Mr. Abbott has organized a physical culture school in which he advocates erasing blackboards as the best exercise a boy can get. Among his best pupils are numbered Clary, Harrower, Dewey and Horgan, otherwise known as the famous Polander, Wrecker."

Where did you wear a rubber coat?—W. Dubreuil.

My physical abilities speak for themselves.—E. Early.

Tylee has started a Chinese Laundry, and does not need to change his name, either.

To what Junior did you give your picture?—Gile.

Were you ever jollied over the telephone?—C. Tylee.

Time to get your transfer, Gile.

Like "Kelley" did it.—A. Sheehan.

No reason at all—"You ought to know without knowing."—Mr. Goodwin.

Will you dance dis two step with me?—M. Shur.

Wanted—A Go-Cart that folds up.—C. Leahy.

Light armed infantry.—T. Kerns.

Talking to yourself is a bad habit.—Gendron.  
The Leading lady.—G. Kendall.  
Becoming colors.—B. Charbonneau.  
I reciprocate the feeling.—T. Kerns and J. Asher.

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A stands for Asher, whose name all revere,  
B is for Bartlett, our President this year;  
C is for Clary, he to burglars gives chase,  
D stands for Dewey, the boards to erase;  
E for Punk Early, whom work does exhaust,  
F stands for Forbes, whose smile ne'er wears off,  
G is for Gile, the friend of Frank Mellen,  
H for Horgan, a would-be runner, they're tellin'.  
I is a letter of which we have few,  
J for another to which there's no clue;  
K for Miss Kerns, our poet this year,  
L for Lottie Chandler, who'll win honor, ne'er fear;  
M is for Anna Mitchell, whose behavior is the worst,  
N is for Nourse, a writer of verse.

O stands for O'Neil, Bonnycastle one night,  
P for Power, who studies with all his might;  
Q is a letter we've no need to use,  
R is for Rourke, who the piano does abuse;  
S is Jay Streeter, a bird by his name,  
T for Ty Lee, a Chinaman allee same.  
U is for you, whose name is not here,  
V for Miss Vaughan, who whispers, we hear;  
W stands for Miss Whitmore, who our scribe has  
    been,  
X is a mark which all have oft seen;  
Y stands for you, who just barely skin through,  
And Z is for zero which accompanies you.

## CLASS ROLL.

Mary Elizabeth Allen,  
Mary Harville Allen,  
Helen Ames,  
Gladys Beatrice Armitage,  
Jacob Asher,  
Harriet Augusta Barnes,  
Elwin Irving Bartlett,  
Florence Annie Batelle,  
Helen Rose Bertels,  
Elizabeth Howe Bliss,  
Bessie Bonker,  
Samuel Walter Brown,  
Joseph William Buckley,  
Mary Elizabeth Butler,  
Florence Mildred Caldwell,  
Walter Edward Carran,  
Charles Schofield Carroll,  
Thomas C Carver,

Martin William Caveney,  
Charles Albert Cederberg,  
Charlotte King Chandler,  
Beatrice Adeline Charbonneau,  
Ernest Thayer Clary,  
Francis Joseph Coffey,  
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